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# C R I S I S.

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N U M B E R   XXXIV.   *To be continued Weekly.*

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SATURDAY, *September 9, 1775.* [*Price Two Pence Half-penny.*]

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## T O   L O R D   B U T E.

My LORD,



Shall address your Lordship with as little Ceremony as you have met with Occasionally, from certain great Personages, whose Names and Memories are odious to you, because they knew your Baseness and abhorred your Principles. The singular Iniquity of your Lordship's moral and political Character, makes all Apology unnecessary. Your Loyalty as a Subject, and your Virtues as a Man, are equally conspicuous. The Mischiefs which your baneful Influence has wrought throughout the British Empire, will end perhaps, for Ages after your detested Person is mingled with the Dust. Your pernicious Counsels have destroyed our Commerce, checked and discouraged our Manufactures, distressed our Colonies, impoverished our Merchants, injured Public Credit impaired our Trade, promoted Corruption, dishonoured the Nation, and plunged the most Virtuous part of our Dominions, in all the Horrors of a *Civil War*, which you most impudently affect to call *Rebellion*. Your Lordship should remember that what *Jacobites* call *Rebellion*, we *Revolutionists* term constitutional *Resistance*. We detest the Principles of the *Stuarts*, renounce their slavish Doctrines, and hold that Wretch to be an Enemy to this Kingdom, who shall attempt (like your Lordship) to revive them. Such Principles instilled into the Mind of a weak King, must be productive of another Revolution. Yet, in spite of this Reflection, your Lordship, in Combination with your Associate *Mansfield*, continues still to *persevere*. Under your united Efforts the *Crown* has lost its Dignity, the *Parliament* their Honour, the People their Security, and the Nation its Importance.

Such

The grand Tribunal of *English Justice* is biaſſed by Pique and Prejudice; perverted by the crafty Inſinuations of your pliant *Mansfield*, bullyed by the empty Bluſters of a *Denbigh*, and betrayed into Acts of the moſt iniquitous Partiality by the outnumbering Votes of mercenary *Scotch Lords*, purpoſely ſent down by your Lordſhip's Agents, to countenance the Lord High Chancellor of England, in a ſervile and baſe Compliance with the Commands of his Creator *Mansfield*.

In Proof of theſe Aſſertions, I refer your Lordſhip (though very needleſſy) to the late Caſe of *Mr. Thickneſs* in the Houſe of Lords, and to No. VII. X. and XXX. of the *Criſis*; where you will ſee (to your Shame) a true and ſtriking Picture of *national Juſtice*, under the wiſe Government of *Bute* and *Mansfield*; which it is now become *Treaſon* and *Rebellion* (though the three Great Eſtates of this Kingdom are miſled by you) to oppoſe. I again averr, my Lords, that under your united Efforts, the *State*, and every Appendage of it, is a Snare for the People; all its *Councils* act in Subverſion of our Rights and Liberties, and the very *Cabinet* is become a *Pandæmonium*.

As your Lordſhip's *carnal Sins* were happily leſſened by the welcome Death of your imperious *Miſtreſs*, ſo your *political Sins* are like to find a ſpeedy End, either in your *Maſter's* Ruin, or your own.

Your Lordſhip muſt not take this Epiſtle as *admonitory*, it is only meant as *declaratory* of that Senſe which the whole Britiſh Empire has of your Lordſhip's Merits, and ſupreme Influence and Power over the Property, Lives, and Liberties of *Engliſhmen*. Let me likewiſe add, that though I addreſs your Lordſhip by Name, I neither wiſh for your Attention, nor your *Reformation*. Not for the Firſt, as I mean to uſe you, at preſent (as you conſtantly uſe your *Sovereign*) merely as a *Vehicle*; not for the Second, as I hope to ſee your Lordſhip ſhortly on the *Scaffold*. For theſe Reaſons, my Lord, I make free with your execrated Name, for the ſingle Purpoſe of conveying my ſentiments to the People; as your Lordſhip frequently makes uſe of your Sovereign's, for the ſake of diſpenſing your corrupt Munificence among your Slaves, gratifying your Avarice and Ambition, or indulging your Malice and Revenge. Were your *Maſter* penetrable, I might wiſh that theſe Lines could find their Way to him; but your Lordſhip's Agents carefully guard every Avenue of Access either to his Perſon or his Underſtanding. The one you have rendered Odious, and the other Contemptible. However, before the Executioner holds up your devoted *Head*, I will undertake to diſſect your treacherous *Heart*; this will afford a uſeful Lecture to a deluded King; and *that* will be a joyful Spectacle to an injured People. Upon inſpection of that pernicious Organ, we ſhall be ſure to find the blackeſt Ingratitude, the moſt atrocious Perfidy,

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the foulest Lust, the rankest Disloyalty, the meanest Duplicity, and the most dangerous Ambition. The three first of these *Virtues* discovered themselves long since, against your former *Master*, who raised you from the Obscurity of a *Scotch Laird*, to the Notice of an *English Court*. His generous Friendship first placed your Lordship on the lowest round of that Ladder, which you have since ascended with such impetuous Strides. He drew you forth (in an ill Hour) from a *little private Residence* which your Pride has now forgot. As soon as your Lordship gained Courage to look *upwards*, you basely rewarded his Benevolence by doing him repeated Injuries in the tenderest Point; In a Point, where not only his Honour, but a *Nations*, was concerned. You fawned, you flattered, you insinuated, and at length effected your treacherous Designs, upon the Weakness and Vanity of a lascivious Woman. You had the audacious Villainy to hope for the production of another Reign of *Scots*. Your abandoned Principles, conjoined with more than *German Lewdness*, prompted your insatiate Vanity to a *Deed* which might lay the Ground-Work of your impious Designs upon this Kingdom. Whether your perfidious Wish succeeded, you best know; but your Lordship's Influence is as great as if it had. Not content with the humble Character of a Schoolmaster, you have most impudently assumed the *Father*, where (conscious of your unpardonable Guilt) you should have trembled to have interposed. But *Ambition* (the Vice of *Scotchmen*) would not suffer you to check your insolent and aspiring Hopes, by a Moment's seasonable Reflection. To your native Virtues, you added those of a *Bothwell* and a *Rizzo*. Thus did you most ungratefully, most perfidiously, and most audaciously, requite your first princely Benefactor. After the period of your impious Hopes of producing a supposititious Burthen upon a People were at an End, you still submitted to endure your former loathsome Connection, for the sake of Rank and Lucre; and in hopes of preserving your Mock-paternal Authority during the inglorious Life of an unhappy Pupil, intrusted to your Care; whom you wished to fashion (and have fashioned) for your Purposes. Under the filthiest Yoke of female Lust, for which both Agent and Patient should have suffered Capitally, your Lordship most servilely condescended to maintain your *Power*, not at the Expence of *Honour*, (for you lost that upon your first perfidious Contact) but even at the Expence of *Health*; a Blessing, which is, for the sake of divine Justice, often granted to the worst of Men. Your Lordship is a striking Instance that Impurity of Mind and Body go together.

Though you have (to the general Joy) lost your guilty Paramour, though you have obtained more Riches and Honours than a wise Man would have wished, and far greater than a wicked

one deserves, yet your Lordship still continues Restless and Dissatisfied; you still affect to *govern*; you still blindly and fatally persevere in your pernicious Counsels, at the hazard of your Life, and to the Ruin of the English Nation. Your hopes of greater Honours must be over. You are so generally detested by all Ranks, that you durst not ask, or receive them. Though you are Mean enough still to share the royal Bounty, and permit your Family to beg and pillage from your Sovereign, yet one might hope (since every Man's Hand and Heart is against you) that universal Hatred, conscious Guilt, Shame, Fear, and Contrition, for your past Offences, would induce, or rather impell your Lordship, to withdraw your baneful Influence before it is too late.

I am no Stranger to your Lordship's false Pretence for interfering still.—You say, you cannot in Honour refuse your Counsels to your Sovereign—nay, you dare to add, that purity of Heart is your Motive, and Innocence your Shield.—But would your Lordship chuse to own, even in your present House of Lords, the Discovery made by the late Duke of York? The Contempt and Indignation you was treated with by the late Duke of Cumberland? The stinging Truths you heard, and the gross Contumelies you received from the deceased Duke of Bedford? Why did your Lordship, with so much of the *Stuart Blood* in your Veins, decline the *Challenge* of that fiery Duke? Why did you tamely receive the *Lye* from him? Was it merely in compliance with the long established Custom of a Court, which allows one political Knave to deceive and abuse another with Impunity? However this might be, to the last mentioned Duke you crouched; nay, you hid yourself from his Resentment, and contrived to soothe him by scattering *Douceurs* and Places amongst his *Gang*. To the two other Dukes your Lordship was most deservedly Odious, as you were well known by them to owe your rapid Rise to servile Lust, and secret Treason. They saw you live to be a stain to their Family and a pest to the Kingdom. They then feared, as we now feel, the Consequences of that fatal Ascendency which you have compleatly gained over the weakest Man in England. Were that Man's Sensations delicate, his Resentments Manly, or his Understanding moderately good, your Lordship had long since been wiped out of that Rank which you continue to disgrace. But (unhappy for England) the *Traitor* is suited to the *Tyrant*, and the *Tyrant* to the *Traitor*. Your Lordship has artfully thickened the Ignorance, fed the Pride, created and confirmed the Prejudices, imposed upon the Weakness, cherished and even administered to the Vices of your dull Superior, till he is become as a Lump of kneaded Dough, under the plastic Hand of your Lordship and your crafty Agent *Mansfield*.

As a convincing Instance of this Truth, let me ask your Lordship, Whether a late *Proclamation* might not with more Propriety, have been Published on the *First of April*, than on the *Twenty Third of August* last? It was calculated by your Coadjutor *Mansfield* plainly with a View of deluding the English Soldiers, who begin now to revolt at the Thought of *murdering* their Fellow Subjects. This Massacre must be attempted by none but *Scotchmen*. What Soldier (not an Idiot, or in Liquor) will be brought to think that the *Americans* (as this *Proclamation* declares) withstand the Execution of the *Laws*? Every Man of the meanest Capacity must see that they mean only to oppose the Execution of *Themselves and Families*, and to prevent the ill gal Extinction of all Law; which it is not in the Power of a corrupt Legislature to effect.

Have the *Americans* levied War against the *King*, my Lord? Or has your Lordship, in the King's Name, levied War against them? Have they, in Truth, acted any other than a *defensive* Part? Is an *English* Subject bound, since the *Revolution*, to act a *passive* Part? At that memorable and blessed Period, were not certain *Rights* confirmed to them and their Posterity, which they are bound most Religiously to maintain and defend, even against a *corrupt Government*? Let us; for a Moment, suppose the worst of Cases that can happen; a corrupt and desperate Combination of the Three Great Estates of this Kingdom to enslave the Subject. Are the People to crouch in passive Obedience to such *Tyrants*? If the *Americans* have been guilty (as the *Proclamation* says) of disturbing the *Public Peace*, will breaches of the Peace by *Mobs* in a Colony, warrant a Breach of royal Charters, an infringement of constitutional Rights, a Perversion of Justice, or alteration of the established Modes of Trial, in the *Vicinity*, and by *Juries*; are these Offenders (which were but few, and the lowest of the People) to be dragged out of the *Territory* to be tried by Persons who cannot be supposed to have the least knowledge (as a Jury should) of the Facts committed? Is this the Law of the Land? Or can that Law, the Birth Right of an English Subject, be altered or taken away, even by an Act of Parliament? Most clearly not. The greatest and honestest Lawyers (Lord Chief Justice Holt among the rest) have declared that even a Man's *right of Action* cannot be taken away by an Act of Parliament. Yet our *virtuous Parliament* not only annihilates their established Rights (the Inheritance of every Subject) but has sent out Fire, Sword and Famine, throughout a whole Country, because Breaches of the Peace have been committed by *Mobs*; and because the People justly and bravely claim a Repeal of all those unconstitutional and tyrannic Acts of a *venal Parliament*, which have robbed them of the clear Rights and Privileges of English Subjects; have spent with their  
Lives,

Lives, their Liberties and Properties, and given them perpetual Slavery for their Charter.

Such Innovations, Impositions, and Oppressions, the *Americans* are expected to bear under your Lordship's Government, or they are proclaimed *Rebels*. If your Lordship should succeed in your present Stratagem, your pliant Parliament will shortly annihilate the *English*, as they have lately the *American* Constitution. They will crouch, like Spaniels, to have the Net drawn over themselves and their Posterity. That all Subjects are bound by Law to aid and assist in suppressing a *real Rebellion*, I agree, but are they also bound to aid and assist in suppressing lawful, *revolutional Resistance*? If the Rights of the Subject have been violated (as they clearly have) in *America*, can a flimsy Proclamation, or even a tyrannic Act of Parliament, sanctify these Breaches of English Liberty? Is the Defence of constitutional Rights Rebellion, because a ministerial Parliament, or a depending Privy Council files it so? Falsities are not to be thrust down the Throats of *Englishmen* by a *Proclamation*. They, and the *Americans*, have *Magna Charta*, the Bill of Rights, the Establishment of the Revolution, and they ought to have the CORONATION OATH, in protection of these, to depend upon. If either of these are violated, after dutiful Petitions have been preferred, and those Petitions have been refused, denied, or slighted by the Sovereign, it is with a very ill Grace, and entirely without Reason, that the *Crown* betakes itself to calling Names in a studied *Proclamation*. Let me now ask what *Attempts* have been made against the *King*, unless by repeated Supplications that he will remember his solemn Engagements, attend to his own Interest and that of his People, which ought to be but *One*; and listen to the Dictates of Reason, Justice, sound Policy, and Humanity? As to his *Majesty's* Crown and Dignity, are they endangered by any of his Subjects except your Lordship and your *Chief Justice*? Can your Lordships then (for I suppose you clubbed for this *Proclamation*) be in Sober, serious Earnest, when you charge all loyal Subjects to transmit full Information of all Aiders and Abettors to one of the principal Secretaries of State? If so, it may be Misprison of Treason in me to conceal your Lordships. Had I the Dishonour of being a Member of the present House of Commons, I would impeach your Lordship of High Treason the earliest Day of next Sessions; for you yourselves, my Lords, have, by your wicked Counsels, excited this *Resistance*, which you nick name *Treason*; and therefore you are yourselves the only *Trayters* in this Kingdom. Can your Lordships really wish to be brought (as you certainly deserve) to condign Punishment, and to make your Exit upon Tower Hill? Alas! you are too Circumspect, too Designing, and too Cunning, even for yourselves.

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The Eyes of the *Military* begin to open, they now discern not only the Inhumanity, but the impracticability of your Lordship's intended Massacre in *America*. Passively obedient as Discipline hath made them, they yet feel they are *Men*. The Valour, Virtue, Generosity, and Humanity, of their Fellow Subjects in *America*, have touched their Hearts. The compassionate and tender Terms offered to the poor Remains of the King's Troops, shut up in *Boston* by the brave *Washington*, at the Head of a most powerful Army, not of *Mercenaries*, but of *Volunteers*, have convinced the simplest of his *Majesty's* deluded Soldiers, that they are sent to *America* as so many Sacrifices to your Lordship's infernal Schemes. Reflection and sad Experience have now taught them that if they Conquered, they could be but dishonoured *Murderers*. If twenty thousand Men would be (as your Lordship's Generals say) but a feeble Reinforcement in *America*, I have Charity enough to doubt whether your Lordship could find even *Scots* enough to compleat the Business; for your Lordship must know that the Lives of your Countrymen have been much more valuable to them since the *Union*. If you cannot muster a sufficient Number of *Scotchmen*, I flatter myself that your Lordship will hardly find a Body of English Troops to serve your Purpose. The latter are a kind of People not easily cajoled, deluded, or intimidated into a Service they dislike. They will not submit to be made use of as *Assassins*, or to be sent on such inhuman Expeditions as would disgrace the Cut-Throats of an Alley. How vain then is your Lordship's late delusive *Proclamation*? To what Purpose has your Lordship stooped to bribe the Publishers of a late occasional Paper, called the *Remembrancer*? Will the Suppression of such Truths as that Publication might contain, assist your Lordship's Hopes, or allay your Fears? Can your Lordship's Plans be disconcerted by every Information which the People of Great Britain may receive? Does the Success of your Lordship's Politics depend upon their being kept in profound Ignorance? If your Lordship's Zeal is real, and your Heart is truly loyal, instead of silencing the Voice of Truth, and poaching for Generals who will be base enough to receive the Price of *Murder* at your Hands; go forth yourself with your desperate Clans, and let us hear with Joy, that you have expired like a wounded Monster, in the Dust. Skulk no longer from the Public Eye, but quit your lurking Place, and make the cowardly *Americans* fly at the Name of *Bute*. Prefer Destruction in the Field, to Death upon a Scaffold. Rather face the Vengeance of *America*, than wait till you receive the Dagger of a *Felton* in your perfidious Bosom. Should your Lordship, when your pernicious Soul is fled to the World of Spirits, have yet a Sense of what passes in this sublunary Globe, what a Change of Men, of Measures, and of Circumstances will you then observe?

You

You will not then behold your Descendents (as you vainly Hope) enriched by the Plunder of vanquished and distressed *America*. You will not see her crouching, like a Vassal, under a *Scotch Vicegerency*, or lamenting her Calamities amidst the Ruins of her depopulated Cities. No—You will view, with a malignant Eye, the Ocean covered with her Fleets, and Sovereigns of great Nations suing for her Friendship, or dreading her Displeasure. You will not then see *Famine* preying on her People, her Habitations laid waste, her Empire filled with Slaughter, Desolation, and Distress; but you will admire the Richness of her Fields, the Industry of her Inhabitants, the Plenteousness and Opulence of her Cities, the Magnificence of her Palaces, the Abundance of her Commerce, the Strength of her Fleets and Armies, the Wisdom, Policy, Virtue and Stability of her Government; and, above all, the unerring Justice of her Laws.

With such a Scene of Happiness, your Lordship may contract that lamentable Period wherein you and your *Minions* governed, dishonoured and distressed *Great Britain* and *America*; when the Laws were violated, Justice prostituted, Liberty invaded, Subjects massacred, the great Charter of the Nation and all its established Rights derided, *Corruption* openly admitted into Church and State, and suffered to take her Seat even in the last resort of Justice; the three Great Estates of this Kingdom most venally united against the Constitution, the sacred Compact between Sovereign and Subject broken, Public Faith expiring, Civil Discord raging; Weakness, Porsidy, and Tyranny, at length Dethroned; a discontented People emigrating, and the Seat of Empire changed, after a necessary Revolution, from *England to America*. These will be the sure Effects of your impolitic and inhuman *Perseverance*; the Vice not of brave, wise, and *pious* Kings, but of dastardly, wicked, weak, and unfeeling *Tyrants*. Then will the senseless *Idol*, which your Lordship Worships, (the Work of your own Hands) be thrown down; then will your Lordship's Posterity feel the Weight of all your political Iniquities, visited upon them and theirs, and lament in deserved Poverty and Contempt, the complicated Crimes of their ambitious Ancestors to the latest Generations. **THUS MAY DIVINE JUSTICE AVENGE THE SUFFERINGS OF AN INJURED PEOPLE.**

C A S C A.

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